

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1888, by MITCHELL & MILLER.



MISSSED PART OF IT.

Mrs. H. (a brilliant amateur): CHARLEY, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE STYLE IN WHICH I OPENED THE SECOND ACT LAST NIGHT?

Mr. H. (who hates the whole business): I MISSED THE OPENING OF THE SECOND ACT.

Mrs. H.: HOW UNFORTUNATE! YOU GOT THERE TOO LATE?

Mr. H.: NO, WENT AWAY TOO SOON.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XII.

JULY 12, 1888.

No. 289.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$15.00; Vol. II., bound, \$10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., and XI., bound, or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

AN Englishman visited this country recently. He did not have much money, and what he did have was the interest on the remnant of an investment that an ancestor made with the proceeds of his sister's shame, he being a descendant of that John Churchill of infamous memory who sold Arabella Churchill to James II. Our visitor was chiefly known for his blackguardly career, and chiefly distinguished by certain sordid and vicious traits apparently inherited from the ancestor we have mentioned. His vices had banished him from respectable society in his own country. His wife had obtained a divorce from him. His son bears a birthmark, the result of a blow struck by his father's hand upon his mother's face just before her confinement. Altogether he was about as disreputable a specimen of manhood as often visits these shores.

* * *

OF course reputable society turned to this Englishman a cold shoulder? Well, not that anybody has heard of. He was much courted by the fashionables of this virtuous town, and he has just sailed for his home taking with him, as his bride, a beautiful woman who is worth six millions of American dollars. What was the secret of his success under such unpropitious conditions? Was he a man of so much intellectual strength as to carry everything before him by force of mind? Hardly that. His intelligence would have about fitted him for the position of a grocer's clerk—unless the grocer did business on a brisk corner. Then he was a man of fine presence, whose charm of person and courteous manner disarmed criticism of his past deeds and won for him a place in the affections of our democratic society? On the contrary, he was an undersized little chap of unusual exuberance of abdomen, who might have been taken in a crowd for anything from a haberdasher to a curbstone broker; and, as for his personal manners, at his first appearance on a social occasion he wore a morning suit of a violent plaid pattern to an evening wedding to prove his superiority, and did his best to show his contempt for his host and hostess—who, to be sure, deserved it well enough for having made exertions they would never have made for an American to get him there.

WHAT, then, was the secret of his success? Why, good republicans, he had a title. He was a duke. Was not that enough? Is not that sufficient excuse for toadying to him and being charitable to his faults? We do not often have noblemen among us. Occasionally one comes over here as the manager of a variety show, or to remain while some scandal blows over at home, or to look over our assortment of heiresses, though, as a general thing, the heiresses are taken over to them for inspection; but dukes and lords are infrequent enough to warrant us in abasing ourselves before them when we are afforded the opportunity. Is it not so, republicans? And American fathers and mothers, whose ancestors fought to establish the principle of individual sovereignty, only under which the highest form of manhood may be developed, is it not better, in exchange for titles bestowed upon them, to give your daughters with your dollars, the latter to repair fortunes shattered by dissipation, and the former to breed a race of libertines in involution from the standard your fathers endeavored to set up, rather than to see your offspring married to stanch Americans, and know that your grandchildren are a step in that moral and intellectual evolution that shall, soon or late, bring about the eternal Brotherhood of Man?

* * *

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS, who, whatever may be his rank as a novelist, is one of the closest and most intelligent observers of human kind among us, created something of a sensation a few months ago by intimating that we Americans are a race of snobs. The American press and the American people almost to a journal and a man, rose indignantly to deny this slander. The same American press turned itself loose to give the American people all the information it could obtain about the career of the titled person who married the American heiress, with the minutest details of the ceremony, and these same republican newspapers could not get "His Grace" and the ducal title in their headlines often enough. Thackeray, who made a special study of the genus, defined a snob as one "who meanly admires mean things." Most of New York was lost in admiration of mean things about the time of that ceremony. Mayor Hewitt, of whom we admit having expected better things, was perhaps the most ardent admirer among all the rest of the plain republicans. He never hesitated a moment about tying the nuptial knot that religion, as represented by the leading clergymen of the city, refused to sanction, and he has been publicly congratulating himself ever since upon the fortunate chance that brought about the opportunity for him to, as he put it, "create a duchess."

OBJECTIONABLE FEATURES.

BROWN: How do you like your new house?

SMITH: Well, there are some objectionable features about it.

BROWN: What are they?

SMITH: The landlord's.

HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS ABOUT.

"S PIEGLEHAUSEN," said the leader of the little German band to the Trombone; "vat for you blay so loud? You drown der rest of dat music."

"MEIGENSTEINER," returned the Trombone; "ven I don'd blay so loud und drown the rest of dat music, ve lose money; so don'd you forgot id!"

BETTER THAN NOTHING.

YOUNG MAN (*to numismatist*): What's a silver half dollar worth dated 1833?

NUMISMATIST: Nothing; the market is flooded with them.

YOUNG MAN (*discouraged*): I thought they were valuable. Can't you give me something for it?

NUMISMATIST: I wouldn't mind giving you a quarter.

YOUNG MAN: Take it; that's better than nothing.



THE BROKEN ONE.

Lady: WHAT'S THE MATTER, MY LITTLE MAN?

Boy: LEANDER BINKS GIV MY GIRL HALF AN ORANGE, AN' SHE'S RUN OFF WITH HIM.

Lady: OH, NEVER MIND, YOU CAN SOON FIND ANOTHER SWEETHEART.

Boy: NAY, NAY! SWEET LADY. WEDLOCK IS NOT FOR ME; MY ONLY HOPE IS TO FILL AN EARLY GRAVE.

TO HELEN, ON HER —TH
BIRTHDAY.

"TANTÆME ANIMIS CELESTIBUS IRÆ?"

HE bounteous gods at Helen's birth
With gifts divine came laden;
Said Venus, "She of all the earth
Shall be the fairest maiden."

Jove graced her with a royal mien
To win each mortal's duty;
Athena's gift was all unseen—
A mind to match her beauty.

Each brought a boon, save one, alas!
Who had not been invited;
I know not how it came to pass,
But Father Time was slighted.

His vengeance for the sad neglect,
I own, might be severer;
Fair Helen gets the cut direct—
Time never has come near her.

James Jeffrey Roche.

THE RIGHT ANSWER.

TEACHER (*to class*): Why is procrastination called the thief of time?

BOY (*at foot of class*): Because it takes a person so long to say it.

AT THE CLUB.

JACK HARDUP (*who always forgets to repay*): I say, old fellow, lend me a dollar, will you? I have nothing but a large bill in my pocket."

FRIEND (*who has been caught before*): Whose is it, your tailor's?

ANOTHER WRONG TO BE RIGHTED.

EMPLOYER (*to spokesman of deputation*): So you want your pay raised, do you? Don't you think that is rather cool, just after I have given you the benefit of the Saturday half-holiday?

SPOKESMAN: Sure, that's just the cause of it. You don't suppose we can get along with the same wages when we have a half-holiday every week!

A JACK-KNIFE is a dangerous thing, but is not so fatal as a jack-pot.



TO CAMPAIGN POETS.

HE who writes, but stays away,
May live to write another day;
But he who is in sanctum slain
Will never live to write again.

* * *

THE *Rural New Yorker* is a journal of excellent taste and superior literary and artistic judgment, as is indicated by the circumstance that it reproduces LIFE's illustrations in its own columns with a large degree of regularity. But the intellectual side of our rural contemporary is evidently developed at the expense of its morals, for it renders us no credit for the pretty children of our fancy thus adopted. How would the *Rural New Yorker* feel if LIFE were to reproduce that picture of a "Self Operating Valve for Watering Troughs," or its article upon "The Inbreeding of the Guano" that appeared in last week's issue of the *Rural New Yorker*, without giving credit therefore?

* * *



THIS is the season of the year when the New Yorker, from the highest to the lowest, invests his money to "improve the breed of American race-horses," which is the ostensible and legal reason for which all our racing associations exist. The method to bring about this lofty result is to book your bets or to buy mutual pools. And it is a consoling thought that, in thus improving the breed of race-horses, you incidentally improve the breed of book-makers and pool-sellers. It is a consoling reflection if you are obliged to wear your old clothes, that these book-makers and gamblers are enabled, by reason of your desire to elevate the horse, to dress in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day. You are right; there is no cloud without a silver lining.

* * *

NOW that the Chicago convention is over and the crowd gone home the *Chicago News* asserts that R. B. Hayes, of Ohio, was one of the delegates. The *News*, somehow, reminds one of the prying individual who finally discovered that the great pyramid had a mummy inside.

* * *

WE here record our conviction that our illustrated and humorous contemporary, LIFE, is one of the most elegant, witty and delightful publications of the periodical press. Its illustrations are of tip-top quality.—*The Sun*.

Thank you!

THE red-headed girl says that every time she sees a white horse she always looks for a fool.

OUR FRESH AIR FUND



OUR cartoon this week tells an unvarnished tale. Its object is to assist our readers in realizing the good their subscriptions are doing. Every three dollars we receive means that another little child is taken from the hot, unwholesome street and from his yet more unwholesome tenement and sent out into the fresh air for two weeks of country life. No commissions or salaries of any kind come out of it. Every dollar goes directly to the purpose. Every fraction of a dollar means a fraction of a child. Fifty cents may represent, if desirable, a pair of lungs, or one dollar a pair of legs; and what better purpose can a dollar serve than by sending a pair of grimy, thin, half-nourished little human legs into the country to frisk in clover? Their proprietor may be unconscious of the debt he owes you, but you will have made him, or her, very happy, and have rendered a lasting benefit.

Do not forget that three dollars will send a whole child!

Previously acknowledged	\$84.30
In Memory of Three Little Brothers	25.00
Mary and Elizabeth	6.00
E. L.	3.00
With no Signature	2.00
R. Buffalo	6.00
G. S. M.	12.00
B. L. F.	5.00
"Hard Brick"	27.00
Fred Field	3.00
G. E. W. and M. F. W.	6.00
M. L. T.	10.00
Countryman	6.00
Roxbury	1.00
H. S. T.	3.00
J. C. B.	12.00
Masters C. Roy Bangs and Richard M. Jesup	3.00
B.	6.00
From Massachusetts	10.00
E. G. J.	5.00
With no Signature	3.00
G. N. W.	10.00
J. C. C.	6.00
A. B. T.	3.00
W. W. E.	10.00
B. A.	1.00
The Three R's	13.00
Mrs. P. J. L. S.	6.00
"St. Bernard"	12.00
Total,	\$1063.30

HE HAD THREE OF A KIND.

IN my hand a small hand rested,
Small and fair;
Light my fingers firm did hold it,
Light as air.
Then I dropped it, for 'twas only
Just two pair.

A GREAT DIFFERENCE.

SMITH: How are you, Jones?
JONES: Excuse me, I don't know
you.
SMITH: You knew me when you bor-
rowed that ten dollars.
JONES: Well, I don't want to borrow
anything now.

THE RESULT OF HAVING A LARGE
HEAD.



ANOTHER BRUTE.

Edward: I suppose you learned at Vassar the inexplicable difference between the anatomy of the dog and that of other animals?

Sophia (who has just been graduated with an M.D.): Why—er—no, that I remember. What is it?

Edward: His lungs are the seat of his pants.

AT THE WINDOW.

JENNIE: Look at Mr. Oldboy. He walks as though he were carrying a heavy load.

JACK: Yes—*l'eau de vie*, I guess.

LAW'S LEADEN HEEL.

QUIBBLE: Aw, Grotius, how are you getting on with the case of Von Abbatoir, who chopped his wife's head off?

COKE: Poorly, poorly! I had only finished arguing the seventh appeal yesterday when the news reached me that he had died a natural death in jail. It's useless for legal talent to contend against the eccentric forces of Nature!



"SANDRA BELLONI."

WHILE the book-stalls are filled with insignificant novels for summer reading—the bulk of them idle and profitless, with hardly a grace of style or the gleam of an idea—it is like the refreshing touch of a wind from the North, after days of stifling heat, to open another of George Meredith's novels, now coming from the press in a compact, popular edition (Roberts Brothers). One reads but a few pages when he knows that a man of feeling, of sincerity, and of wide observation is speaking to him. He is a satirist, as Thackeray was, yet the world is to him full of beauty and affection. While he mocks our frailties, there are tears in his voice, as though he were saying, "You are a man and a brother."

* * *

IN "Sandra Belloni" he satirizes Sentimentalism with its offspring, Fine Shades and Nice Feelings. This is the idol which a complex civilization, especially the feminine part of it, has set up to worship and even sacrifice to. It is a form of selfishness which persuades people that it is self-denial. The remorseless consequences of this self-deception are pictured in "Sandra Belloni"—hopes shipwrecked and hearts broken, emotions at war in the same narrow bosom, with no place to hide from each other, owning a common parentage and yet without one common aim. It is pitiful to see these fair women steering right on to the rocks, with their eyes on the phosphorescent sea instead of the harbor lights.

And yet, what laughter there is throughout this ill-fated voyage! This is the author's attitude toward the voyagers:

"Sentimentalists are ahead of us, not by weight of brain, but through delicacy of nerve, and, like all creatures in the front, they are open to be victims. Especially when they are young they deserve pity, for they suffer cruelly. . . . I perceive their uses, and they are right good comedy; for which I may say that I almost love them. Man

is the laughing animal; and at the end of an infinite search the philosopher finds himself clinging to laughter as the best of human fruit, purely human, and sane and comforting."

* * *

WITH this philosophy to steer by, Meredith is never a gloomy or depressing writer. The man who can laugh heartily and sympathetically at and with his fellow-men cannot be morbid. So, through the most fatal chapters of his story, *Mrs. Chump* and *Braintop* and *Tracy Running-brook* sprinkle the spice of humor.

But satire touched with laughter will not warm the heart. There is another and a deeper note in Meredith's writing. Through *Emilia* in this book, as through *Lucy* in "Richard Feverel," the *sane* attitude toward life is indicated. It is that to follow the simple dictates of the heart, without duplicity, to lean on nature without deceit, to be true to self without swerving to Fine Shades and Nice Feelings, will lead perhaps not to happiness, but in the end to rich content. "I prefer to see boys and girls led into the ways of life by nature, but I admit that in many cases—in most cases, our good mother has not made them perfectly presentable."

* * *

SUCH generalizations as those here set down, give an inadequate idea of the charm of George Meredith's work. When one speaks of his marvellous style, his depth of thought, and his keen insight, the reader is apt to judge that the pleasure to be derived from his works is purely intellectual. This, indeed, is the tendency of too much that has been written about him. How surprising, then, is it when this satirist, who crusades against Sentimentalism, moves your heart with deepest feeling, and chases laughter from your face with tears! It is the "one touch of nature" which is higher than all art.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS -

MISS FRANCIS MARLEY. By John Elliott Curran. American Tauchnitz Edition. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

A Dream and a Forgetting. By Julian Hawthorne. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.

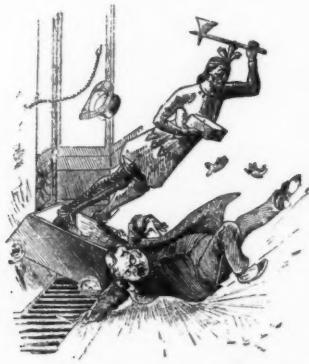
Tom Burton. By N. J. W. Le Cato. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.



"Hello! Wha cher mad about?"



"I mus' be awful drunk; he's only wood—"



"What? No? Help—murder! I'm scalped!
(Goes home sober.)

A Summer Cruise on the Coast of New England. By Robert Carter. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

A Bachelor's Wedding Trip. By Himself. Philadelphia: The Pen Publishing Co.

Gettysburg Made Plain. New York: The Century Co.

Nana. By Emile Zola. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Kenneth Cameron. By Judge L. Q. C. Brown. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

WILLIAM PATTERSON was recently hanged at Louisville. Thus endeth a career of much suffering.

THE RIGHT MAN.

STRANGER (*in newspaper office*): I want to see some writer who can get up a whopping advertisement for a circus.

EDITOR: Yes, sir. (*To boy*) James, ask the obituary editor to step here for a moment.

LABOR STILL SAFE.

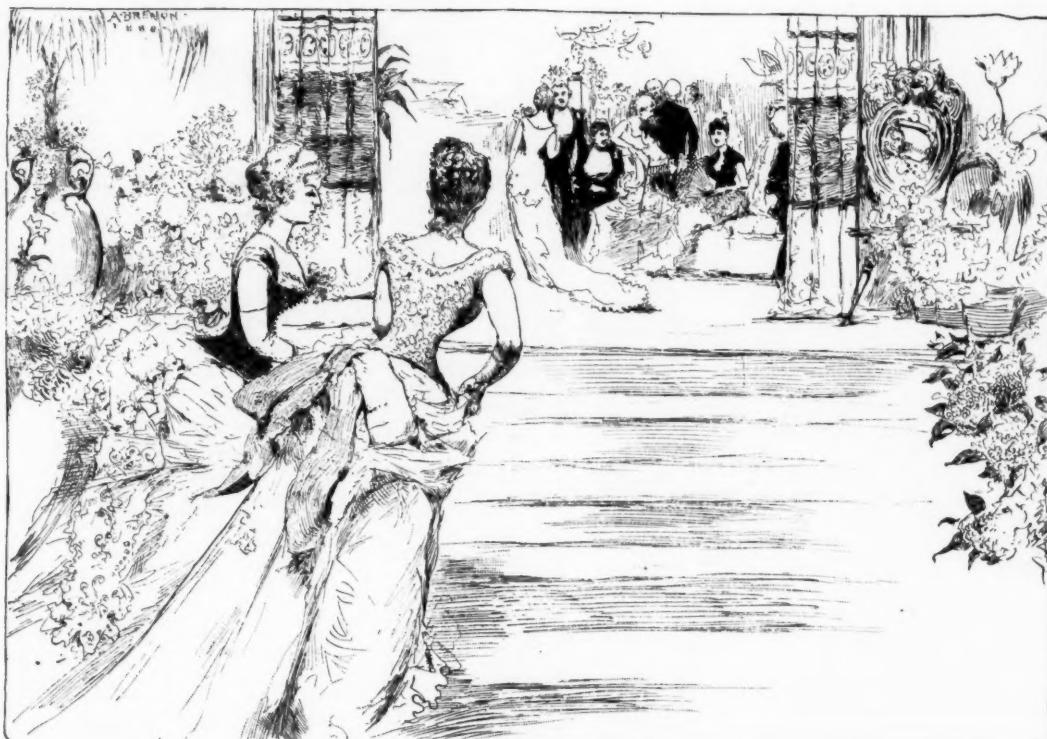
GROGAN: Oi see by the paper that wan av thim Chinee bastes has been admitted to the New York Bar. Aff Oi could foind out the saloon where he's wurrakin' Oi'd have the Union put a boycott on it, sure as me name's Teddy Grogan!

ROURKE: Whisht, man, it's not so bad as that—they've only made a lawyer av him. Thank Hivins; American labor is still safe!

ALMOST ANOTHER ENGAGEMENT.

HILL: So Miss Gadabout is engaged. Jove! she's been engaged to every fool in the place, I think. Who's the last idiot she hooked?"

JINKS: Myself!



CHARITABLE.

Daughter: THERE'S THAT MADAME DE BRASSY. SHE SAYS THE MEANEST THINGS POSSIBLE OF US; AS, INDEED, OF EVERYBODY.

Mamma: OH, WE WON'T MIND THAT, MY DEAR; PERHAPS SHE DOESN'T KNOW ENOUGH ENGLISH TO SPEAK THE TRUTH.



THREE DOLLS W

SAGE 18.

• LIFE •



PEOPLES WILL DO IT.

PAGE 18.

• LIFE •

THE STORY OF A COWBOY.



Young Eastman resolves to become a Cowboy.



He purchases an outfit to make an impression. The first cattle town he strikes he makes it. "What is it?" "Let's rope it." "Needs a change of pasture." "Where's the cage that goes with it?"



Stockman thinks he'd make a better cigar sign than Cowboy, but adds, "You ken go out with me and do chores for the cook fer yer chuck, 'f ye want to."

ONE touch of rumor makes the whole world chin.

REFLECTIONS.

AN impudent one-cent high-tariff New York morning paper called the *Press* has scoffed elaborately at Harvard College because it complimented Edward Burgess at Commencement with the degree of Master of Arts.

The *Press* is too silly to live; still, there is method in its madness. As a high-tariff organ, it is, of course, the foe of American shipping, and Burgess being one of the few people who have done anything considerable these twenty years past to bring American sea-craft to the fore, there is a sort of mistaken consistency for the *Press* in deriding him.

But Zeus! What thorns there must be in the pillow of the high-tariff editor, whom consistency drives to this sort of thing!

* * *

FROM the admirers of boat-racing much is due this year to Captain Robert J. Cook, of Yale College, and the Philadelphia Press. Not only did Captain Cook contribute largely to bring the Yale Crew to the state of remarkable efficiency that it showed, but his hopeful and candid estimates of the prowess of the Harvard Crew can hardly have failed to bring to the backers of the crimson much-needed encouragement.

Captain Cook undertakes a great deal. To train one crew and keep up the spirits of the backers of the other is big work, even for a Philadelphia Colonel.

* * *

GOOD-BYE, Marlborough, good-bye. It is even as your friend Baron Tennyson says:

We will not break for your sweet sake
A heart that dotes on truer charms;
A simple widow and her dower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Don't come back on our account. Indeed, we don't expect to see you again. Having married once in England and once in America, next time you will have to seek pastures new.

E. S. M.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

[As reported by the Shade of William Shakespeare.]



ANSON: Come on, sir!
EWING: Come on! [They play.]
UMPIRE: One!
ANSON: No.
UMPIRE: Five dollars.
ANSON: Judgment!
UMPIRE: A hit, a very palpable hit.
EWING: Yea, by my troth, a very sockdoller of a hit.
That e'en might scrape the planets from the skies.
CONNOR: A plan it's well to follow in such cases.
WELCH: Marry, but I should smile. [He smiles.]
[Multitude applauds, drums beat within.]
CONNOR: Give me the bat.
EWING: It is the hoodooed bat,
Yea that
With which he oft hath sawed the incorporeal air
Three several times.
CONNOR: I'll hit it now.
EWING: I do not think it.
UMPIRE: Two strikes.
EWING: Come for the third, great Roger, you but dally.
I pray you, hit with your best violence;
I am afear'd you make a wanton of me.
UMPIRE: Out!
CONNOR: Out, and by Pfeffer out!
False, fleeting Pfeffer that spiked me in the leg
By second base.
EWING: O Treason! We're undone.
Look, Roger, look! the Mascot's changed his chewing gum.

Tom Hall.



First night out coyote steals one of his boots.



After the rain his nice new buckskin shrinks in drying and he is not comfortable.



Three days hard riding to the camp. Mr. E. isn't used to it. Begins to wish he hadn't.



Cook makes it pleasant for him.



A night herder is sick and Mr. E. is allowed to go in his place. Pony proves to be a bucker.



Gets another pony and goes with the cattle. It storms. Cattle stampede, and he is sorry he came.



Daylight finds him lost. Pony steps in prairie-dog hole, throws him, and gets away.



While looking for a trail he is roped by some horse-thief hunters.



One of the boys comes up just in time. Mr. E. concludes that the cowboy's life has its inconveniences and returns to the city.



A LITTLE CONFUSED.

Jack: Sis, what is that funny little noise I hear all day?

Sis: Why, Jack, that's a cricket! You don't mean to tell me that you don't know the cricket's song?

Jack: Really! They never sing when I sit on them.

IN TRINITY STEEPLE.

"YOU should be a baseball player," said the beetle to the spider.
"Why so?" inquired the latter.
"You're so good at catching flies."
"True, but I'd fall a victim to the fowls."
And he went behind the bat.

MELANCHOLY.

HE (*tenderly*): You are melancholy to-night, my darling.

SHE (*with a sigh*): Ah yes, George dear; I fear it is the croquettes I ate at dinner.

A VICTIM OF FASHION.

EARLY CALLER: "Peter, is your master down yet?"
"No suh; he ain't down."
"Came home in his usual condition, I suppose?"
"Yassuh, but when he tuk off his shoes lass night he leaned up agin de curt'n whar de do' used to be, an' he done feel bad dis mawnin."

L'ENVOI.

With her Forgotten Gloves.

YOUR Gloves I send;
I did intend
To fake 'em.

"Needless offense"
(Said Prescience)
"To take 'em:

"For wait and she
A gift, scot free,
Will make 'em:

"The maidens so
Let lovers know
They shake 'em."

HARD PRESSED.

"IF anybody was ever more pressed for time than I am
I'd like to see him."
"There's such a fellow on exhibition at the museum."
"Who is he?"
"An Egyptian mummy."

BACK FAR ENOUGH.

"INTERESTED in genealogy?" he asked the St. Louis young lady at the garden party.
"I was," she said.
"How far back did you go?"
"Oh, until I found pa's uncle had been hung for horse stealing."

CONGRATULATING THEMSELVES.

FIRST UNDERTAKER: Well, we can't complain much of dullness of business.

Second UNDERTAKER: No, it is true we have no cholera or yellow fever this summer, but there's a very encouraging epidemic of the mind-cure in places.



"AND NATURE SMILED."

THE ABOVE COMBINATION OF THE TREE AND THE MOON WAS PURELY ACCIDENTAL, BUT IT DAMPENED THE ARDOR OF THE LOVERS FOR THAT EVENING.



IN A NUT-SHELL.

A HOOK,
A book,
A shady nook.
A wish,
A fish,
A sudden swish—
A sigh. But why?
Next day a lie.

—Forest and Stream.

"WHAT'S the matter with your face?" asked one traveling man of another, whose countenance looked like a railroad map. "Oh, nothing much," was the reply; "a friend of mine with whom I had an argument said he didn't like it the way it was, and fixed it up different for me."—Merchant Traveler.

HE (from Cincinnati): Where shall you summer, Miss De Peyster?

SHE (from Boston): In Maine, Mr. Gooseboy; we always go there. Papa wants us to find in New York, but I'd a good deal rather spring there. A friend of ours autumned in New York last year and she didn't like it at all.—Judge.

LADY OF THE HOUSE (*shivering*): Has the furnace gone out, Bridget?

BRIDGET: I think not, mum. I've been at the gate all the evening with a gentleman friend of mine, an' it didn't go by me, mum, I'm sure.—Merchant Traveler.

COL. BLOOD (*to hotel porter who has brought him to his room*): What is that pail of water for?

PORTER: To be used in case of fire, sir.

COL. BLOOD: Well, for heaven's sake carry it away and I'll take my chances.—Texas Sifters.

REV: And you're quite sure, doctor, I'm perfectly sound and well?

DOCTOR: I tell you, sir, you couldn't be better.

REV: I'm sorry for that. I don't see how I can work that ocean trip with my congregation.—Toronto Grip.

THE minister sought to improve the time by giving Bobby a lesson in morality.

"My boy," he said, "I have lived forty-five years and have never used tobacco in any form, nor told a lie, nor swore, nor played hookey, nor—"

"Have you got any little boys?" interrupted Bobby.

"No, I have never had any little boys."

"Well, they are mighty lucky," said Bobby.—San Francisco Wasp.

YOUNG WIFE: John, mother says she wants to be cremated.

YOUNG HUSBAND: Tell her if she'll get on her things I'll take her down this morning.—San Francisco Call.

"FATHER, what is the quickest way to get rich?"

"Honesty is the slowest way, my son."—Berlin Lustige Blätter.

The Best! Spencerian STEEL PENS

IN THE ESSENTIAL QUALITIES OF
DURABILITY, EVENNESS OF
POINTS AND WORKMANSHIP.

12 Samples to cents, post-paid.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN & CO.,
753 Broadway, New York.

If you want to be well informed take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some good points.—Yonkers Statesman.

Lundborg's EDENIA

Lundborg's RHENISH
 Cologne.

LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE
Is delightfully refreshing and cooling during THIS
HOT WEATHER.

LADD & COFFIN,
PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS,
24 BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK.



CELEBRATED HATS AND LADIES' ROUND HATS.

178 & 180 Fifth Ave., bet. 22d & 23d Sts.,
and 181 Broadway, near Cortland St.,
NEW YORK.

Palmer House, Chicago. 914 Chestnut St., Phila.

"SAY, Jack, I see you wear a military hat, and people call you captain. I did not know you were ever in the army?" "Well, no, I never was, but I am drawing a pension and feel as if I ought to do something for it."—Burdette.



KRAKAUER

LADIES' TAILOR,
19 East 21st Street,

NEW YORK,

AND
Bellevue Avenue,

NEWPORT, - R. I.,

Invites inspection of
his fresh Importations
for

SUMMER WEAR,

Selected for highest-class
requirements. My new

Riding-Habit Skirt,

Cut on entirely new prin-
ciples, is exceptionally
neat, close-fitting, grace-
ful and comfortable.



BRIGGS' PIANOS

C.C. BRIGGS & CO.
5 APPLETON ST. BOSTON MASS.
MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND · SQUARE · & UPRIGHT

PIANO FORTES

GRACEFUL DESIGNS · SOLID CONSTRUCTION
MATCHLESS TONE · BEAUTIFUL FINISH.

KIMBALL'S STRAIGHT CUT CIGARETTES.

Are exquisite in style.
Are dainty, and carefully made.
Are extremely mild and delicate.
Are always uniform and up to standard.
Are put up in satin and elegant boxes.
Are unsurpassed for purity and excellence.
Are specially adapted to people of refined taste.
Are composed of only the finest Virginia and Turkish leaf.

14 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.
Peerless Tobacco Works.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

LIFE.

Redfern.

ENLARGEMENT OF PREMISES.

OWING to the large and steady increase in our business, we have been compelled to build an extensive addition to our premises. When completed, our show-room will run clear through from Fifth Avenue to Broadway, with entrance on both avenues. Large work-rooms and stock-rooms will also be added, so that any orders we may be favored with for the Fall and Winter Season will, with our increased facilities, be got out with the greatest possible dispatch.

210 FIFTH AVENUE, through to 1132 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

JOHN PATTERSON & CO.,

Tailors and Importers,

Patterson Building,

Nos. 25 and 27 W. 26th St.,

NEW YORK.

SILK AND SATIN RIBBONS FREE
LADIES, THIS IS FOR YOU!



Stock of **Silk and Satin Ribbon Remnants** of several of the largest of their houses, which are to be had at no other place. They are to be had in every color and variety, and are to be had in every conceivable shape, width and length, and of every quality, except in the very best stores of America. Yet they are given away **free**, nothing like it ever known. A grand benefit for all the ladies; beautiful, elegant, choice goods absolutely **free**. We have expended thousands of dollars in this direction, and can offer an immensely varied, and most complete assortment of ribbons, in every conceivable shape, width and length, and of every quality, adapted for neck wear, bonnet stings, hat trimmings, boote scarfs, dress trimmings, silk quilt work, etc., etc. Some of these remnants range three yards and upwards in length. Though remnants, all the patterns are new and late styles, and may be depended on as beautiful, refined, fashionable and elegant. **How to get a box containing a complete set of silk and satin ribbon remnants.** The Practical Housekeeper and Ladies' Fireside Companion, published monthly by us, is acknowledged, by those competent to judge, to be the best periodical of the kind in the world. Very large and handsomely illustrated; regular price 75cts. per year. Send 25 cents and we will send it to you for a trial year, and will then send you a box containing 12 remnant boxes and 2 boxes, 65 cts., 4 subscriptions and 4 boxes, \$1. One-cent postage stamps may be sent for less than \$1. Get 3 friends to join you thereby getting 4 subscriptions and 4 boxes for only \$1; do it in a few minutes. The above offer is based on this fact:—those who read the periodical referred to, for one year, want it thereafter, and pay us the full price of \$1. In after years, and in years thereafter, we make this great offer in order to attract new subscribers, who, not now, but next year, and in years thereafter, shall reward us with a profit, because the majority of them will wish to renew their subscriptions, and will do so. The money required is but a small fraction of the price you would have to pay at any store, for a much smaller assortment of the same quality of ribbons. Therefore, you will not fully appreciate it until after you see all. Safe delivery guaranteed. Money refunded to any one not perfectly satisfied. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., PUBLISHERS, PORTLAND, MAINE.

PECK & SNYDER'S CELEBRATED TENNIS.

The "Beeckman" Racket.

Tournament Strung.

Price, Each, \$6.00.

The quality of our stringing in this celebrated Racket causes it to be used exclusively by the leading players in this country. The following from the present champion, R. D. Sears, will speak for itself.

We have letters of the same tenor from all the Tournament players, inc.

cluding Beeckman, Slocum, Clark and Taylor.

51 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, May 14, 1887.

Messrs. PECK & SNYDER: Gentlemen.—I have given your "Beeckman" Racket a thorough test, and I am very pleased to say that I have never had a better racket of either English or American make.

Yours truly, RICHARD D. SEARS.

The Revised Playing Rules of Lawn Tennis, containing a complete price-list of every requisite for playing the game, mailed, free, to the readers of this paper, upon postal application.

PECK & SNYDER Manufacturers 124, 126 and 128 Nassau St., N. Y.

DECORATION
FURNITURE
CURTAINS
133 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING.
The Original! Beware of imitations!
AWARDED HIGHEST PRIZE AND ONLY



Incites the Torpid Liver
• to Healthy Action •



Secures Healthy •
Action of Bowels

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient

is the most prompt, gentle and certain regulator of the bowels and digestive organs. • For 44 years it has been used and recommended by the physicians. • • Army and Navy officers use it all over the world. • As a household medicine for children or adults it has no equal. • Druggists everywhere sell it. • Be sure you get the true, real, genuine article.



Promotes Regular
Perfect Digestion

Thoroughly Drives • •
• • • Out Dyspepsia

